

## Poetry Chase

Who hears a poem before it's said?

Sounds a word out

like a violin unstrapped

Lets a poem run like a colt

at sunrise,

the sound a hue from

a painter's palette

brushing and swishing

a jolt

A simple form like

a toddler's game played

between myths

and characters morphing

Sometimes calling from a place

seen before,

other times chasing after an

arpeggio not yet heard.

## Too much fun

Morning i awoke to hara-kiri the flimsy k's on last night's haikus  
crazy kicking things coming to take me away they said ha-ha  
little folks and big folks, knives and spoons and forks, clattering  
pots and pans clink! the seventh revolution when they sold  
their steel for food clink!  
boiled over with sores on their feet, too much flare coming from  
the city cauldron

bong!  
kinda echoes bong!

My verse hisses like snakes sizzling on a frying pan  
redoubles down vertebrae when the loot bubbles  
in the concrete alley of dilapidated neighborhoods  
a mirage blows smoke across the tarmac  
too much fun they said the poet is having  
too much fun at our expenses

i say let the chicks come out of the barn let them chatter birp birp  
comingle end-stops if they sound the same and  
i say let the wreckage begin

## Garden Boots

His black rubber boots  
once steeped in mud  
from watering the shrubs  
are now hollowed out.

Two flopped sacks--bodiless  
rest upon each other.  
The flap of one bent on the flat  
blubber of the other.  
Sapped like seals after lovemaking.  
The shade of the pine tree  
cools their wet land.

Transposed I tilt on  
one side to clap with  
the other fin.  
My squeegee feet squeals  
on the creased grass  
as we walk away.

## Perched on Window

A black crow straddles the  
loquat tree, a line of orange  
syrup arches from fruit  
to his beak

I'm cloistered in my room  
knees bent holding pen and paper  
like a refugee family caged in  
we cup spotless bowls  
on the top floor of a laundry unit dwelling.  
I try to stay quiet so  
when the police come around--  
the sparrow's flapping wings  
will be stilled, and  
They'll think it's just me  
instead of this village of hungry kids &  
grandparents & uncles & friends crammed inside.

Fifty years ago, lockdown startled us  
gleaning across the Victoria Harbor,  
Spring crept in and we managed to smile.

white spaces

what hides between  
the words *I didn't mean that?*

what splits the pauses

between the words  
I tried to mean but didn't say

I should pronounce my silence

listen

between branches  
where the bluebird bobs

light laced shrubs  
conceal their shadows